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✻IMMANUEL'S LAND.✻

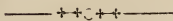


COMPOSED BY  
MRS. ANNIE ROSS COUSIN.

—Upon the Last Words of—  
SAMUEL RUTHERFORD,  
Professor in the University of Edinburgh, and  
Sometime minister of the parish  
of Anworth, Scotland.



COMPILED BY  
MRS. E. HARRIET HOWE,  
*Montpelier, Ind.*



The sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
The summer morn I sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn awakes!  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But dayspring is at hand  
And glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

O, well it is forever!  
O, well forever-more;  
My nest hung in no forest  
Of this death-doomed shore.  
Yea, let the vain world vanish,  
As from the ship the strand,  
While glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

But flowers need night's cool darkness,  
The moonlight and the dew;  
So Christ from one who loved it,  
His shining oft withdrew:  
And then for cause of absence  
My troubled soul I scanned—  
But glory, shadeless, shineth  
In Immanuel's land.

The little birds at Anworth  
I used to count them blest—  
Now beside happier altars  
I go to build my nest:  
O'er these there broods no silence,  
No graves around them stand;  
For glory, deathless, dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anworth by the Solway,  
To me thou still art dear:  
E'en from the verge of heaven  
I drop for thee a tear.  
O if one soul from Anworth  
Meet me at God's right hand  
My heaven will be two heavens  
In Immanuel's land!

There the Red Rose of Sharon  
Unfolds its heartsome bloom,  
And fills the air of heaven  
With ravishing perfume:  
Oh, to behold its blossom,  
While by its fragrance fanned,  
While glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

The King there in His beauty  
Without a veil is seen;  
It were a well spent journey  
Tho seven death's lay between.  
The Lamb, with His fair army,  
Doth on Mount Zion stand,  
And glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

E'en Anworth were not heaven—  
E'en preaching was not Christ;  
Here in my sea-beat prison  
My Lord and I hold tryst;  
And aye my murkiest storm-cloud  
Was by a rainbow spanned,  
Caught from the glory dwelling  
In Immanuel's land.

O Christ! He is the fountain,  
The deep sweet well of love;  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above;  
There to an ocean fullness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove;  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were hushed by His love:  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

O I am my Beloved's  
And my Beloved's mine,  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into His house of wine;  
I stand upon His merit,  
I know no other stand  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of Grace:  
Not on the crown He giveth,  
But on His pierced hand;  
The Lamb is all the glory  
In Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on toward heaven  
'Gainst storm, and wind and tide,  
Now like a weary traveler  
That leaneth on his guide,  
Amid the shades of evening.  
While sinks life's lingering sand,  
I hail the glory dawning  
In Immanuel's land.

Deep waters crossed life's pathway,  
The hedge of thorns was sharp;  
Now these lie all behind me—  
Oh, for a well-tuned harp:  
Oh, to join the hallelujah  
With yon triumphant band:  
Who sing where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

I have borne scorn and hatred  
I have borne wrong and shame;  
Earth's proud ones have reproached me,  
For Christ's thrice blessed name:  
Where God's seal sat the fairest,  
They've stamped their foulest brand,  
But judgment shines like noonday  
In Immanuel's land.

## Samuel Rutherford

Was born in Scotland about the year 1600. He became minister at Anworth in 1627. His habit was to rise at 3 A. M. for study and prayer, and it was said, "he was always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechizing and always writing and studying;" also that "he was one of the most moving and affectionate preachers in his time, or perhaps in any age of the church." He was far ahead of his times in freedom of thought and actions. Because of this and non-compliance with Episcopal ceremonies he was imprisoned over two years at Aberdeen. Here he wrote many spiritual letters. The best extracts from these have been collected into a choice volume called "The Garden of Spices," which breathes of the sweetness and fragrance of heaven, while it is decidedly pungent. It has been called the most seraphic book in our literature. One of Rutherford's later productions, "Lex Rex" breathed of such boldness and freedom for the government of Charles II that he was deposed from all his offices and summoned to answer to the charge of high treason at the next Parliament. He received the citation on his death bed and sent answer, "I behoove to obey my first summons" and soon passed away.

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